Dar. A boone (my ſoueraigne) for my ſeruice done,
Kin. I pray thee peace my ſoule is full of ſorow.
Dar. I will not riſe vnleſſe your highneſſe graunt,
Kin. Then ſpeake at once what it is thou demandeſt?
Dar. The forfeit (ſoueraigne) of my ſeruants life,
Who flew to day a ryotous gentleman
Lately attending one the Duke of *Norffolke*.
Kin. Haue I a Tongue to doome my brothers death,
And ſhall the ſame giue pardone to a ſlaue;
My brother ſlew no man his fault was thought,
And yet his punniſhment was cruell death.
Who ſued to me for him? who in my rage,
Kneeled at my feete and bad me be aduiſde?
Who ſpake of brother-hood who of loue?
Who told me how the poore ſoule did forſake
The mighty *Warwicke*, and did fight for me?
Who told me in the field at *Tewxbury*,
When *Oxford* had me downe, he reſcued me,
And ſayd deare brother liue and be a King?
Who told me when we both lay in the field,
Frozen almoſt to death, how he lappe me,
Euen in his owne armes, and gaue himſelfe
All thin and naked to the numb cold night?
All this from my remembrance brutiſh wrath
Sinfully pluckt and not a man of you
Had ſomuch grace to put it in my minde.
But when your carters or your wayting vaſſailes
Haue done adrunken ſlaughter, and defac'd
The precious Image of our deare redeemer,
You ſtraight are one your knees for pardon, pardon,
And I vniuſtly too, muſt graunt it you.
But for my brother not a man would ſpeake,
Nor I (vngratious) ſpeake vnto my ſelfe,
For him poore ſoule: the proudeſt one you all
Haue beene beholding to him in his life:
Yet none of you would once pleade for his life:
Oh God I feare thy Iuſtice will take holde
On me, and you, and mine, and yours for this.
Come Haſtings helpe mee to my cloſet, oh poore *Clarence*

Glo. This is the fruit of rawneſſe: marke you not
How that the guiltie kindred of the Queene,
Lookt pale when they did heare of *Clarence* death:
Oh, they did vrge it ſtill vnto the King,
God will reuenge it. But come lets in
To comfort *Edward* with our company.
Enter Dutchos of Yorke, with Clarence Children
Boy. Tell me good Granam, is our Father dead?
Dut. No Boy.
Boy. Why doe you wring your hands and beat you
And crie, Oh *Clarence* my vnhappy ſonne?
Girle. Why doe you looke on vs and ſhake your
And call vs wretched, Orphanes, caſtawaies,
If that our noble father be aliue?
Dut. My pritty Coſens you miſtake me much,
I do lament the ſickneſſe of the King:
As loth to looſe him now your fathers dead:
It were loſt labour to weepe for one that's loſt:
Boy. Then Granam you conclude that he is dead,
The King my vncle is too blame for this:
God will reuenge it, whom I will importune
With dayly prayers all to that effect.
Dut. Peace children peace, the King doth loue you
Incapable and ſhallow inocents,
You cannot geſſe who cauſed your fathers death.
Boy. Granam, we can: for my good Vncle *Gloceſt*
Told me, the King prouoked by the Queene,
Deuis'd impeachments to impriſon him:
And when he told me ſo he wept,
And hugd me in his armes, and kindly kiſt my cheekes,
And bad me relie on him as one my father,
And he would loue me dearely as his childe.
Dut. Oh that deceite ſhould ſteale ſuch gentle ſhap
And with a vertuous vizard hide foule guile,
He is my ſonne, yea and therein my ſhame:
Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceite.
Boy. Thinke you my Vncle did diſſemble, Granam?
Dut. I Boy.
Boy. I cannot thinke it, harke, what noyſe is this?